

## what is infinite?

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# what is infinite?

by [Maven\\_Morozov](#)

## Summary

Alina, as always, is left alone with her ghosts.

## Notes

hello and welcome to my angstfest!

written for:

- whumptober 2020 day 12: "broken"
- cult of the starless discord server's fictober 2020 inspired by images (vikki's haunted house image and some ghostly-halloweeny images i found on Pinterest)
- grishatober 2020 day 1: tgt characters (yes I'm late what about it? I want to do all of these)

...though this is more angsty and sad than creepy or scary at all lol. mainly Big Sad for Alina:  
(  
enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Alina Starkov, Sol Koroleva, Sankta of the Fold, is crying again. She feels weak to do it, for it is unbefitting of someone of her rank and status. Someone with the level of divinity she has. And yet, the tears leak down her face like a dripping faucet, eyes dyed red from the saltiness of them. She is alone, too.

She is always alone.

She always will be alone.

She used to want that. She used to scoff at the Darkling's premonitions that she'd grow lonely and tired with age, that she'd wish for either power or death. Only part of that is true. Alina does cling to her position, her power, and she does admit that she is lonely. But she does not wish for death—not yet. She is still waiting. Waiting. *Waiting*. For *someone*, though she does not know who.

Every day is the same, the monotonous sunset and sunrise and sunset again. She measures her days by the sun, it is true, for the sun is the only thing she can still cling to. The sun is *her*, and she is the sun, and that is the only normal thing anymore.

She remembers, in a haze, that the Darkling died first. Her dear Aleksander, her perfect opposite, her terrible, wonderful monster. She remembers, in a haze, that she killed him, taking a dagger to his chest in the spur of the moment. She remembers, in a haze, that she watched him die like a powerless man, nothing like the villain he had become. A boy, blessed with too much power. A Saint undeserving of the title.

She had scoffed when the monk Yuri's Cult of the Starless had arisen. It was ridiculous, and yet at the same time, it was perfect. She still thinks that, too, although by now, the Cult itself is gone, and only the Starless Saint himself remains. The thought of it, bitter as it is, brings a smile to her face. He had always said that he would be the last one left. In a way, he is, even if that legacy is nothing like he planned. In these dark circles of those that worship the Saints, he is loved instead of feared; he is worshipped as a protector instead of shunned as a conqueror. He got what he wanted, after all.

Her tears dry as the memory of Aleksander fades, and something else, heavy and wooden, rises in its place. *Mal*. Malyen, *Malyen*, who only ever wanted to be with her as long as he was able. Who only ever wanted to support her and live at her side, even if he was but a shadow. Ironic, really.

Mal died only a few moments later, again by Alina's own treacherous hand. She killed both of her loves in just a few moments, and it was the more excruciating moment in her life. She had screamed as she plunged the knife into Mal's chest, watching the blood seep through his heavy coat. He looked peaceful, in that moment. They both had. Then, Alina had finally been able to see the resemblance between them. Cousins, if distant. It does not matter now. They are both dead.

Mal, unlike the Darkling, has left no lasting legacy in Ravka. He was poor and unassuming, and he had never been ambitious either. In the end, Alina is the only one left to remember

him. Every time she thinks of him, the knife she took to his heart—to both of their hearts—to all *three* of their hearts, if she is to include her own—the pain seems to mock her, and a sharpness twists itself around her chest like a vise. She is never truly free of his memory. It clings to her like wet rain and thin parchment, like a sodden kefta or fabric infused with static electricity.

The rest of them died much, much later. Nikolai and all the *otkazat'sya* first, as short their lives were. Then Alina watched her Grisha friends slowly disappear, Genya and Zoya leaving her last. And now? She is the only one left, walking along the pale imitations of their ghosts.

She is lovely and revered. But she is also broken.

She can hear and see them whispering to her sometimes, the reflections of their voices and faces in the waters of the lake, and the touches of their skin on her arms and shoulders as she sleeps. If she listens closely, she can even hear Genya singing, and then she cries a little, but not too much.

It is only when Aleksander visits her that she lets herself go, and it is only when Malyen arrives with him that she is so sad it hurts to breathe.

She wishes and she wishes and pleads up to the Saint-filled sky of stars, even though she knows that each one of them is a fraud, just like she is. Maybe, one day, her desires will come true, and her beloveds will join her once more, this time, in death.

## End Notes

as always, comments/feedback/kudos/praise and all that good stuff is appreciated!!

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